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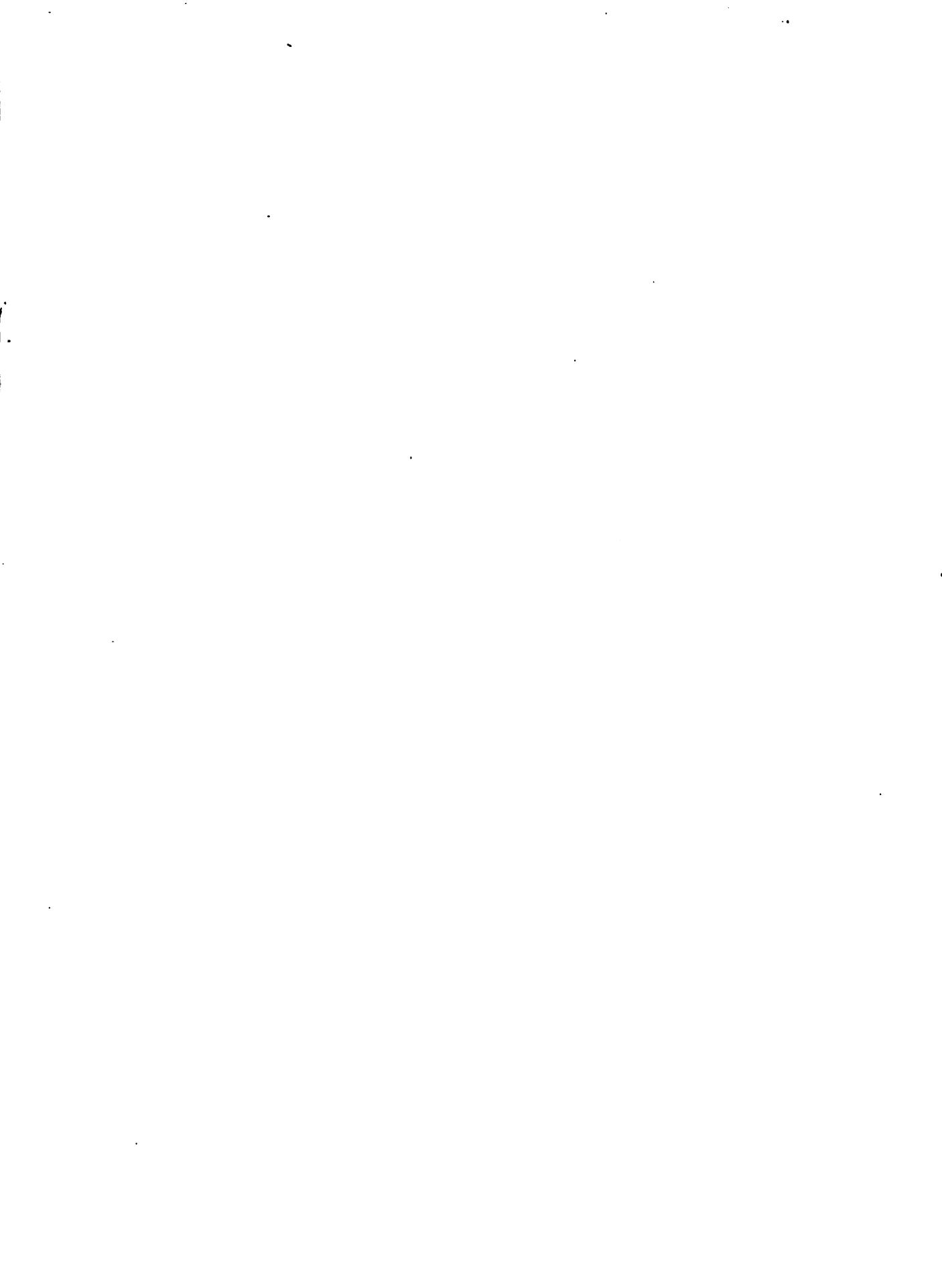
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## Tudor Facsimile Texts.

### *JOHN THE EVANGELIST.*

*Supposed date of composition*      *bef. 1520.*  
*Supposed date of only extant copy*      *c. 1565.*  
*Reproduced* .... .... .... *1907.*



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# Tudor Facsimile Texts.



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John the Evangelist.

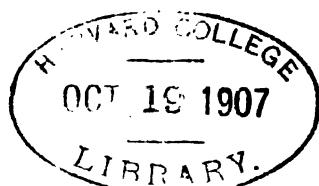


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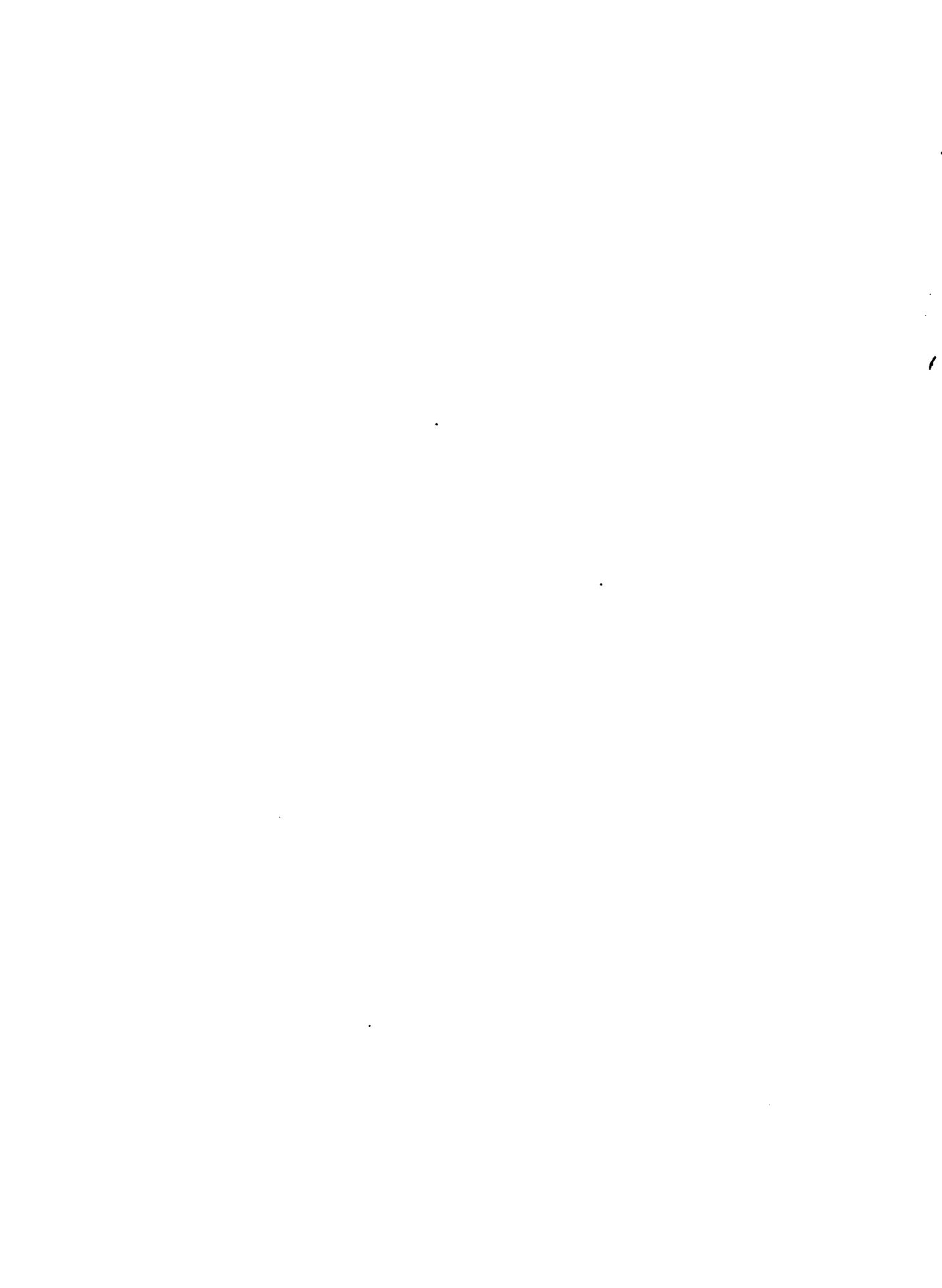
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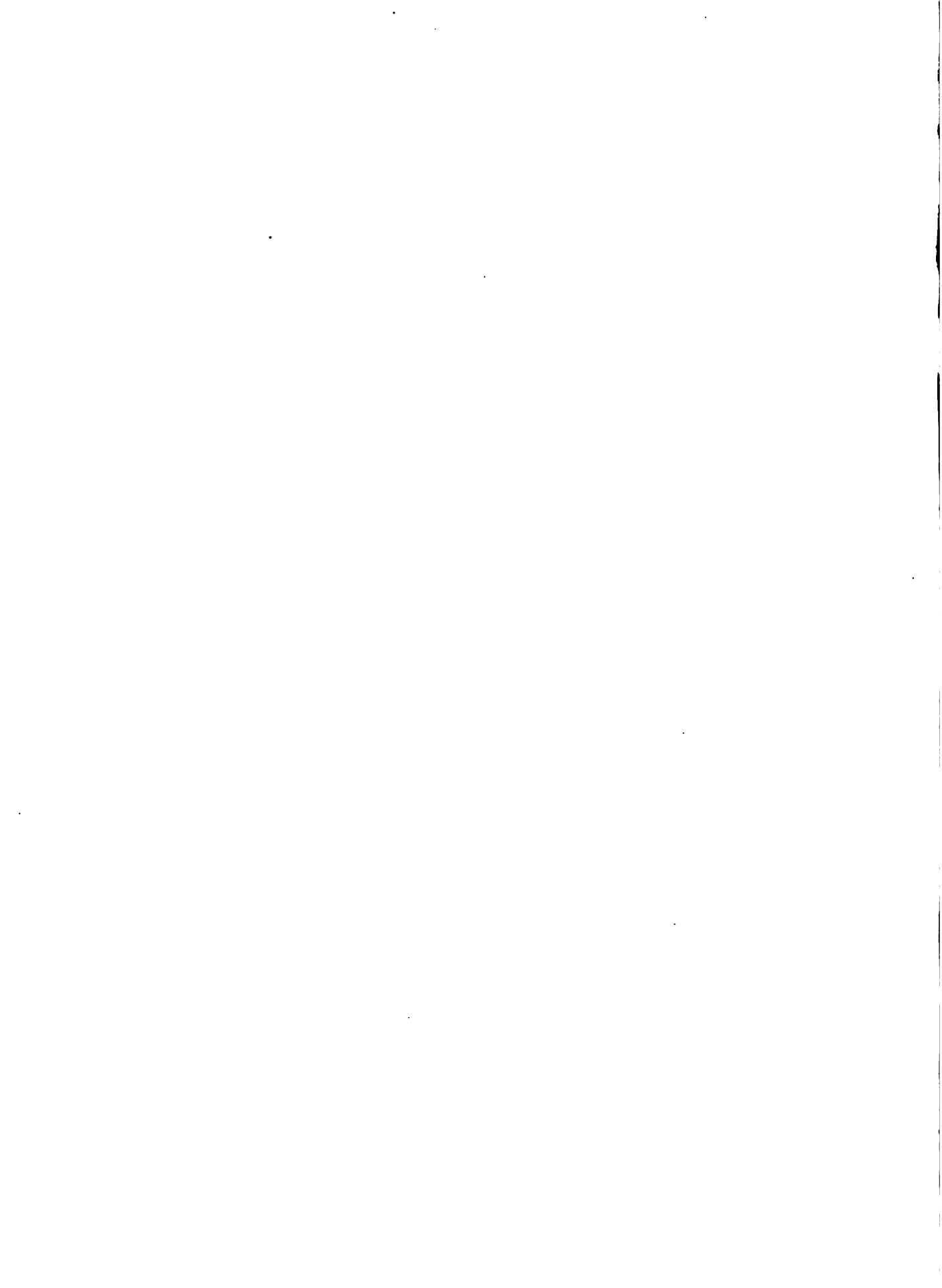
Minot funds.

### *JOHN THE EVANGELIST.*

*This play was untraced in modern times until recently. It is one of the three "Lost" plays recovered in 1906, when at auction sale it was purchased for the British Museum for £102. The press mark in the catalogue is C. 34, i, 20. John Waley, the printer of this edition, was in business from 1546 to 1586; but apparently there was an earlier edition or version. In the "Day Book of John Dorne," an Oxford bookseller, there is recorded in 1520 the sale of "1 saint ion euangeliste en trelute 1 [d] " ("Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885.")*





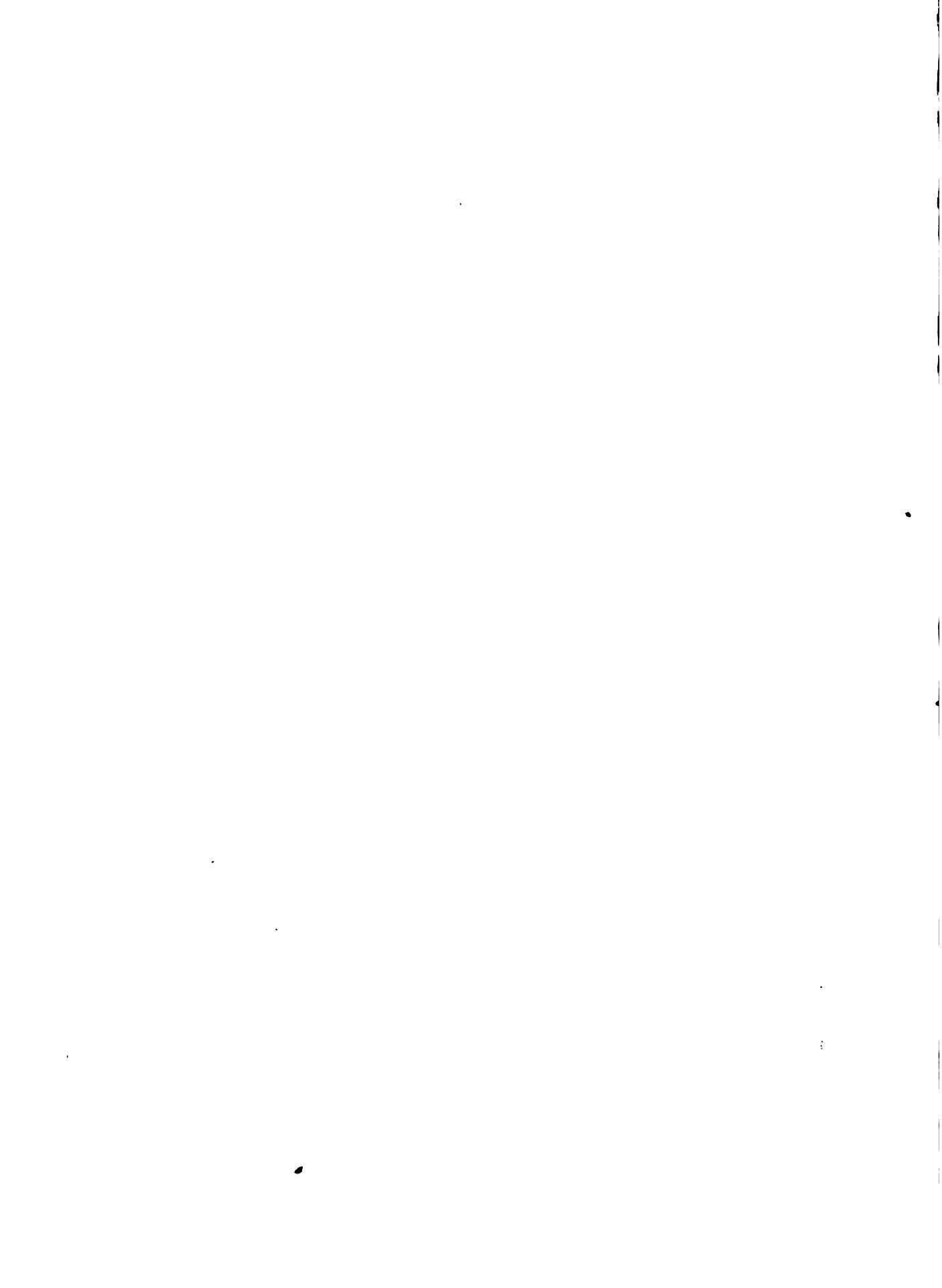


Here begynneth the  
enterlude of Iohan  
the Euangelyst.









**S**aint Iohan the Euangelys.

Domine aucte te omne delitescum meum  
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus  
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this world is som  
Is to haue meditacion of our lord Iesus  
My contemplasyon god / was chypped thus  
Bethynkyng in the soule / without any speche  
God tendeth ryght more the prayere with the herte of vs  
Than the prayere of the mouth / the xpte dothe teche  
In medytacion who so bath foxenice  
The mouth can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte  
That holiest fruytyn is of so lyke intelligence  
As it canys that the soule in to a blessed delecte  
It feleth no earthly thyng but to the tyme it seruete  
Thus fared Magdalyn when Martha complayned  
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experte  
So the aungell at the leperesse / wone to her constayned  
The cause why I rehorce you the help medytacion  
For it is myne expecysc appreche  
Who so wyl labours in this / shall se his balytacion  
We solitary in soule / of greet quyteneisse  
Therefore ever to the churche I do me dresse  
Rest / reuertence / and worshyp ther in shalde be  
With cryng on Chrys / and our synges confesse  
Beast qui habitant in domo tua dominus.

**¶ Cognitio.**

**C**oncum deo patri / graunted by the pope  
A thousand four hundred / and never a day lesse  
That hath heede this noble sermon / and theron doth hope  
A pena et culpa / here I them relese  
Is it not ppyt suche a pulpet man to lese  
I wryte you sy / let vs here more of your pope holynes

By me thylike I haue herde you preche of this at <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>(second)</sup>

→ Tristian.

C Whome call you pope helpe.

→ Eugene.

C Such a foole as thou art that clappest ones in blinde.

→ Tristian.

C All vertues people to commende is my properte.

→ Eugene.

C That is Caton false / and that he envies

so; he sayth (sic te collaudas / nec te culpaberis tunc)

Great laudacions loueth thys hypocrites

(Qui te collaudas) sc.

No more to you at this tyme

But understande you this latyn.

→ Tristian.

C And I tolde.

→ Eugene.

C Responde amice domines doctoz clericorum

But sy, knowe you any tales of segur.

→ Tristian.

C Why so:

→ Eugene.

C A felowe of myns was take with a Cuculatum

so; a couple boxes he stode in an cunyng.

→ Tristian.

C What wylde ye haue me do in that case.

→ Eugene.

C Durum abba so; hym to syng

Te chalide haue well why.

→ Tristian.

C I can not syng.

→ Eugene.





**C**ome sy ye shulde but make a spryng  
Under a peche/ lokynge vp towarde the skye.  
    **T**ridiston.

**C**Without god be thy frende/ þ same deth shall thou dye  
    **E**ugenio.

**C**arry I beshewe his herte that so sayngþe.  
    **T**ridiston.

**C**What is thy name?  
    **E**ugenio.

**C**I rede.  
    **T**ridiston.

**C**Eugenio I truwte the same.  
    **E**ugenio.

**C**All sy the devylls cryng of thy herte  
Doxeson who taught the so syght to rede  
I truwte some peccyng þe within the.  
    **T**ridiston.

**C**In the cote of Iherusalem that is so called  
Please thou wylle never come to that holt þyone  
That with twelue precious stonnes is surely walled  
full strayte is the waye thyder to gone  
And in to that castell entryngis is none  
Withouts thou acquaynt the With two porters before  
Hope is the fyre/ and faythe the other one.  
    **E**ugenio.

**C**No so gosly he madeth euermore  
We dare not coughe your conscience is so holy  
But I pray you shewe me before  
Whiche is the way to vnder castell þe prayse so greately.  
    **T**ridiston.

**C**Ouer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye  
Than to the pathe of pacience shalte thou passe

To the lande of legendis halde to thy lye  
And to the lande of delverys lye thou not balfhe  
Then me stane in a marshy / a foyre wafer hafte  
Welche therre haþdely / and abyde all myght.

¶ Eugenio.

C May that I wylt not by this lyghte  
But what callst thou this way.

¶ Iffidion.

C This recta / sedyng to lyfe  
So Dant named it in his daþe  
(Spes mea fuit in via recta)

¶ Eugenio.

C Passeþ all men by this lawencye.

¶ Iffidion.

C May / and the moþe pycþ berly I lye.

¶ Eugenio.

C Wher be they that goo that waye moþe.

¶ Iffidion.

C They that be enþipped with the holy geoffe  
A s inuentor and beginer.

¶ Eugenio.

C May I knowe none suche in all this cotte.

¶ Iffidion.

C They that goo thyder muste he (Gratia electi)

¶ Eugenio.

C Why is there no other way but this.

¶ Iffidion.

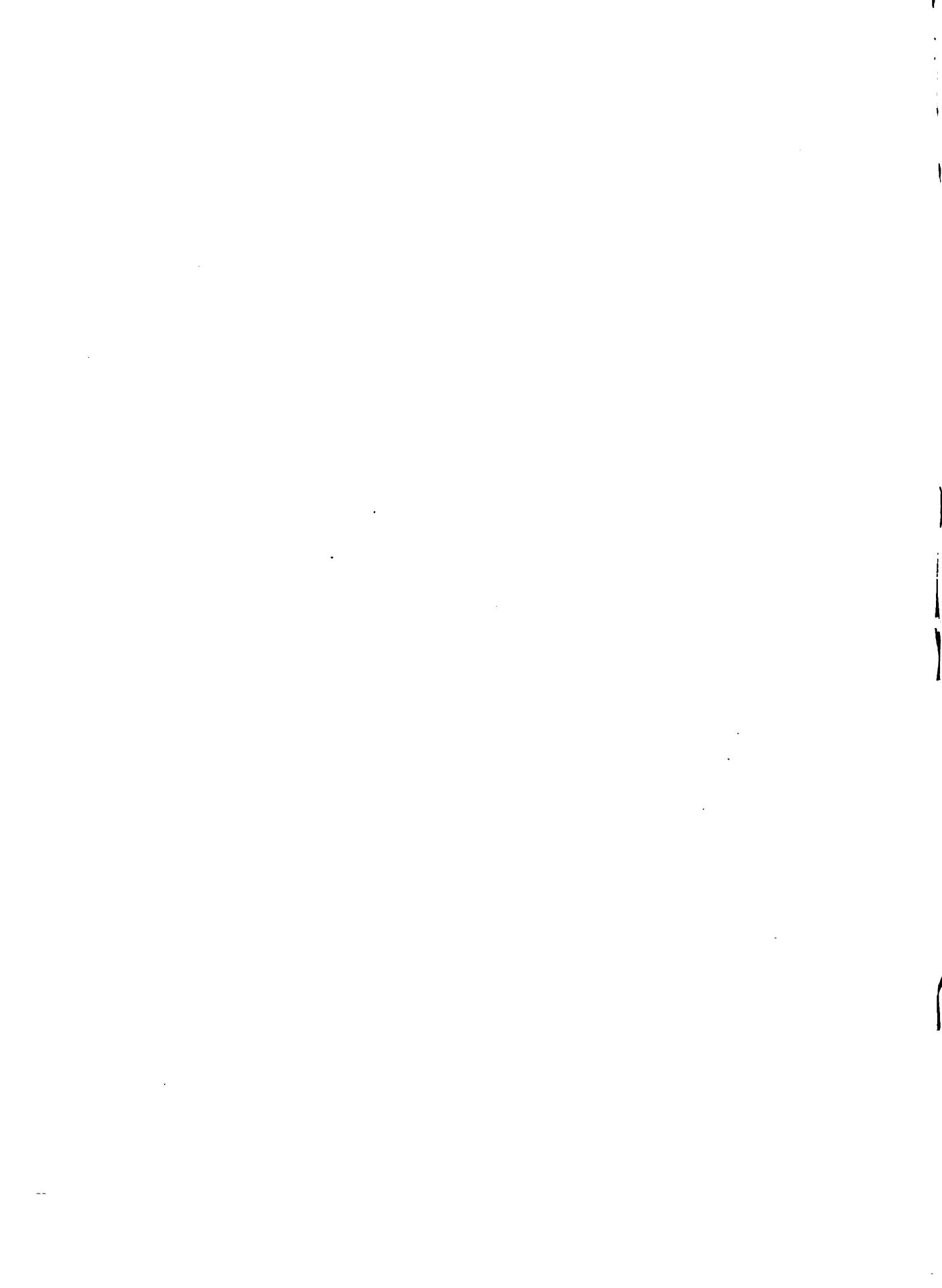
C Yes on the lefste syde another there is  
That is called (Via obliqua et via circularis)

¶ Eugenio.

C And whyder draweth this.

¶ Iffidion.





**C**auen ryght to be the  
who so walkes that may hym selfe be stiche.

→ Eugenio.

**S**y who gothe that way so yll.

→ Tridation.

**C**all they that worketh the deuels wyl.

**I**s (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impiti ambulantes.)

→ Eugenio.

**C**Thou arte a loweler by my trouthe I warrantes  
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

→ Tridation.

**S**o yre scope and obde I saye.

→ Eugenio.

**C**Than one can not sayle whiche he go by ryght or baxe  
But may a man go to the stiches that waye  
At his pleasure yf he lyke to playe.

→ Tridation.

**C**It bynges men to the see de of ruffe arraye

The lady of confusyon lyeth therin

That Babylon is called shes is the ende of all synnes.

→ Eugenio.

**C**Whiche way leadeth that countrey.

→ Tridation.

**C**To an yle in the north I saye  
(Ab aquiloni pandetur omnis malum)

→ Eugenio.

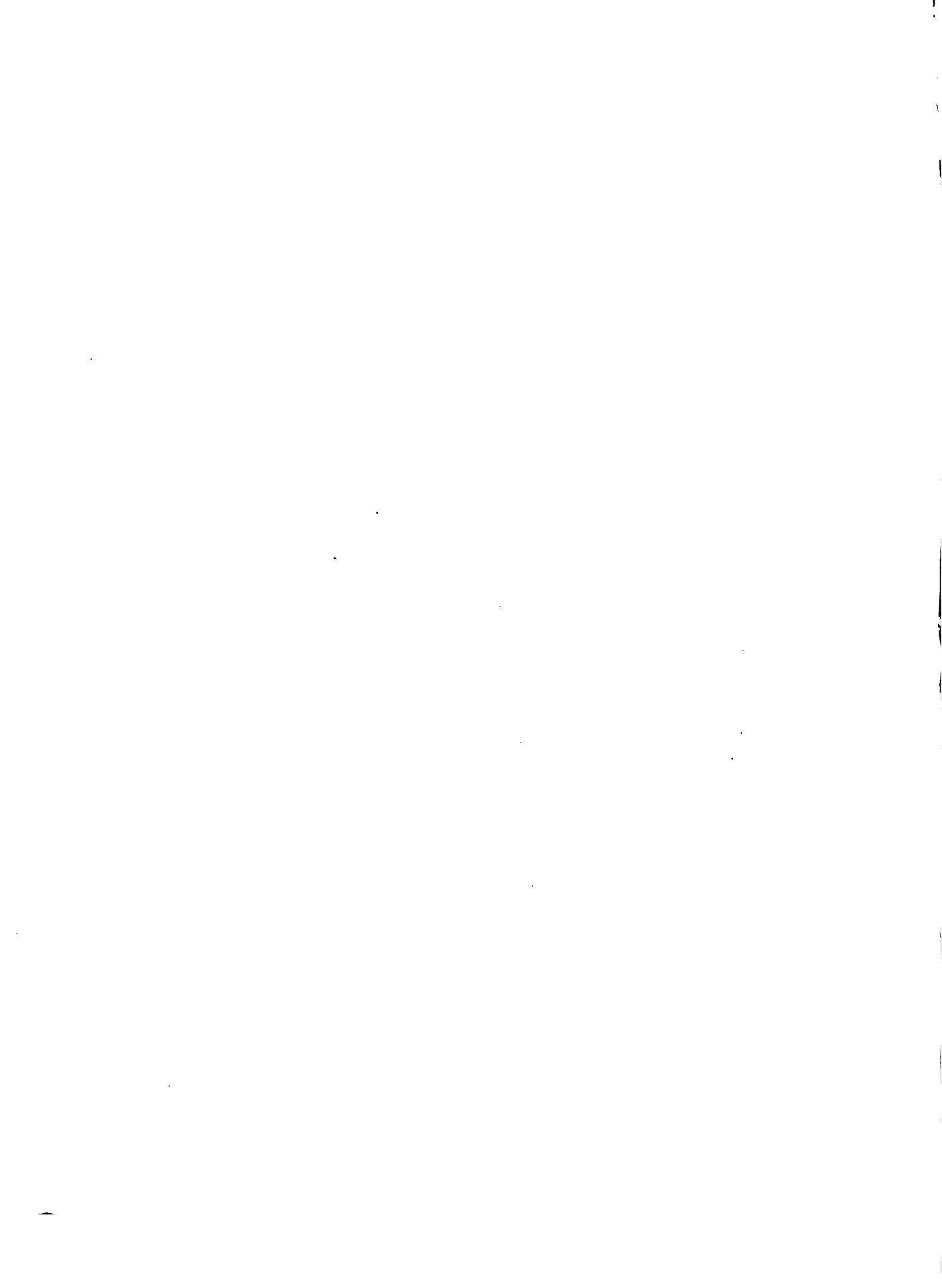
**C**That is the fyre place that men shalbe assayde  
Whether it be hedged or walled.

→ Tridation.

**C**With boles and trees it is mostynfully palid.

These groweth the cleres of crange

Stakid with syde full byre



**C**hanc ryght to be the  
Who so walkes that may hym selfe be lethe.  
→ Eugenio.

**S**ay who gothe that may so yll.  
→ Tristam.

**C**all they that worketh the deuels wyl  
Is (Drunnes iniquitatem ambulantes.)  
→ Eugenio.

**T**hou arte a lowler by my trouthe I neccasites  
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.  
→ Tristam.

**C**oyt scope and abyde I saye.  
→ Eugenio.

**C**than one can not fayle wher he go by night or daye  
But may a man go to the stunes that waye  
At his pleasure if he lyke to playe.  
→ Tristam.

**C**It bynges men to the leete of evill arraye  
The lady of confusyon lyeth therin  
That Babylon is called shes to the ende of all synnes.  
→ Eugenio.

**C**Whiche way leadeth that countrey.  
→ Tristam.

**C**To an yle in the north I saye  
(Ab aquilone pondetur omnis malum)  
→ Eugenio.

**C**That is the syr place that men shalbe alay  
Whether it be hedged or walled.  
→ Tristam.

**C**With boles and trees it is mostynfully yaled  
There groweth the cleres of englyssh  
Stoked with paynes full byre

And the bretes of bawbyting with wrath iijched  
Full of slouthy bushes and lecherous thornes drye  
With glotonous postes / and countysay tayled throughoute  
And at mysheues gate many bothe in ronne.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

¶ Irysdyson.

¶ Downe to the dounypon whare the deuyll dwelleth  
Lucyfer that loþe that is in hale blysses  
There is wo vpon wo / as Chrestus telleth  
All that may dysease and noþyng please / euer  
There is frost / there is fyre  
Hope is loste and her besyse  
Chere care hath no recover  
Without pytie therre is payne  
To crye for mercy it is in bayne  
For grace is gone for euer  
(Sicut tormentorum suorum  
Ascendit in secula seculorum)  
Lo thus hath loste wedded confusyon  
Lucifers daughter dampnacyon  
In hell to haue herylage  
(Septum dominium peccati et mors)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ In sayth that is a knaþe the way to walke  
Hewe a whyle of some myȝte let vs talke  
For I forþake that passage.

¶ Icisdiston.

¶ Nowe fare well syz and haue good baye  
For I must goo another waye  
Forget not my reasons sage.

¶ Eugenio.





Cvche wyl ye goo your way  
We haue done a fayre tourney to day  
It is tyme so; to be walkyng  
So; I am wory of your talkyng  
Lo syis he spake full holylly  
But yet I beshewe hym so; all his cleere  
He may well be called hoolesse sy; wyl  
for I troupe his brayne to bedast as a towndemayl  
But no me well remembred by booke I comys  
I wolde haue a playfer so; all harmes  
Some saye wenche to lye in myn actnes  
That wolde anoyde all crynes  
It were to me administrate nos  
Et restaurante nos/ also confortate nos  
We/ and sompene I wyl take menues lyues  
so; celolde makers both myn lyues  
Than they that do all the coste  
As to wedde at the churche doore/ and there to be fynyshe  
Perchay her husband shuld haue an horne  
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was borne  
so; all the loue is loste  
Clerkes say that of medlocks god that knet deth knyt  
And yet women do bentes to bryke it  
so; though they; soules shuld lye in hell ppt  
They wyl vse thas sex works  
And if they so dyce  
It tropes cometh full soberly  
And so; they beware full holylly  
He levere them downe in the dasche  
The certeyne of Englands is ofte to kny  
And ofte to leche it is lecherie wher pleasure is  
All yonge folks remembrye this

B.I.

Intentio iudicat quenquam  
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therin  
That afore god it is deedly synne  
But fare well / yonder cometh sy; William of trentam.

¶ S. Johan the Euangelye.

¶ That lord whiche is princypall  
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon  
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall  
I see that ye do passe thurh dethes vysytacion  
This principe bryngē you to that holy nacyon  
Wherē loue dothe dwel with brygynge  
And to gyue you playne infynitacion  
In that realme dwelleth the holy cruypte  
I am Johan / that presentely dothe apere  
Called the grace of god by interpretacion  
End of my doctrine þt ye lyste to here  
Moche can I shewe you of Chistes incarnacion  
And of his passyon / so; verely I was there  
I sawe hym hange on the croſſe on hys on hys  
His mother and I stood there bader  
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely  
And sawe Longes smyle his herte a londes  
His lawes to the people wyl I preche  
And all that euer do folowe me in peace  
The kyngdome of heuen they loules shall reche  
There haunging loye that euer shall cease  
But nowe the trouwe loue that we shalde to god owe  
Men gryueth it so rychesse that is mutable  
full sore they wyl it repente I knowe  
That euer they were of mynd so busable



Intentio iudicat quenquam  
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therin  
That afore god it is deedly synne  
But farewell, poudre comest syn William of trentam.

¶ S. Iohan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lord whiche is princypall  
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon  
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall  
After that ye do passe vouch de thes vyspacpon  
This prince bryngyng you to that holy nacyon  
Wher loue dothe dwel with brygynge  
And to gyue you playn infymacyon  
In that realme dwelleth the holy crynyte  
I am Iohan, that preseately dothe apere  
Called the grace of god by interpretacion  
End of my doctryne of yslyte to here  
Moche can I shewe you of Chilkes incarnacion  
And of his passyon, so, verely I was there  
I sawe hym hange on the croffe on hys on hys  
His mother and I stode there bader  
And I herde whan he cryed Help Help  
And sawe Louges smyte his herte a sonder  
His lawes to the people wyl I preche  
And all that euer do folowe me in peace  
The kyngdome of heuen they soules shall reche  
There hauyng love that never shall ceale  
But nowe the crone loue that we shalde to god owe  
Men gyueth it to ryghte that is muttable  
full loue they wyl it repente I crone  
That euer they were of mynde so basable





If any man wyl have sythes goodly  
I wyl hastely agayne be here  
And therof he shall have gladsly  
At all tymes I wyl hym cheare  
My complaynge bythese was for yonc futherance  
And nowe I leane you to goddes governaunce.

W. H.

¶ Nowe myt myght you be  
Wher was that that called me  
To styp to daye  
One resyded me with a bole of water  
Here was a shynede water  
Noddayly one to daye  
It was some knane my brother  
Besyde hym and none other  
For that daye  
I was falle a slepe  
¶ Yll I felte the wite  
full syll I laye  
He brake myn olde custome  
So I woulde haue layas tyll noon  
And than haue iysten to playe  
But nowe to the purplic  
So by the sayng that moves gods  
I loue to goo gaye  
And with other mennes wynges  
¶ That be wanton of lynges  
¶ Ote do I come aways  
And wher so euer I go  
One good condycyon haue I to  
I hit never trouthe to saye  
¶ No I haue a great discafe yf ye wyl me leu

W. H.

Euen here syis in the bottom of my newe,  
    → Eugenio.

By god sy; and I do laye a playster to your told  
I wyll heale it I dare lay a gote.  
    → Actio.

Cugenio, fro whence come you.  
    → Eugenio.

Fro thence that ye were spede of ryght hewe  
we shall haue an offyce.  
    → Actio.

What is that I may you tell me.  
    → Eugenio.

By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys  
thereto ye be appoynted verely.  
    → Actio.

Than the kynde man that shall be hanged shall then be  
so; I tell the I wyll beginnes with the.  
    → Eugenio.

Say sy; but herke what I shall the say  
Here was one late this same daye  
That dispaysed rycheise worldly  
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie  
And takis hym to wylfull pouerte  
He shall haue toy eternally.  
    → Actio.

What was he?  
    → Eugenio.

A doctour as seemed me  
He spake as holily  
As though god had ben his conseilie.  
    → Actio.

Yet but was he not impred with hypocresy,  
    → Eugenio.





¶ No man / he spake so goodly  
He had almoſte chaunged my mode  
I had thought to gyue awaie my goode  
Ino than alſe my ſelfe fo; charytie.

¶ Actio.

¶ Why woldest thou haue been ſo wary  
Maye thou art a ſoole and thou wylle fo; any eggryng  
Gyue away thyne awaie good and goo thy ſelfe a beggyng  
fo; ſo wyll not I do yett truft me.

¶ Eugento.

¶ Soþ þe promest moſte largely  
That I ſhulde in loye lyue euer  
Wherere I ſhall dye neuer  
It has alſo be ſayd verely  
That I ſhulde ſee there no yll  
And haue all that I deſpye wyll  
And ie god in his maieſtie  
Alſo þe promest me a greater byre  
That I ſhulde haue all that I wolde deſpye.

¶ Actio.

¶ I rede the laye that thought awaie  
So; mayſt thou not ſe all daye  
That they that wech ſpoxe and playe  
Lyueþ at eafe merly  
They haue moſte heltyng reſe  
And fareth of the beſtis  
That thus ſpendeth they, lyues in folye.

¶ Eugento.

¶ Well than my wytte I wyll venewme  
So; I truwſt thou ſayſt full trwe  
If I do it, / and afterworte to me it  
Be to gyue awaie my good

B. iii.



**C**o me / he spake so glosly  
He has alreadie chaunged my mode  
I had thought to gyue aways my goode  
End than alake my selfe so; charytie.

¶ Actio.

**C**Why woldest thou haue ben so wroty  
Maye thou arte a fool and thou wylte for any eggynge  
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggyng  
So; so wyl not I do yet trust me.

¶ Eugentio.

**S**o y fe promest moste largely  
That I shalbe in loye lyue euer  
Wherke I shall dye neuer  
It has also be sayd verely  
That I shalbe teile therre no yll  
And haue all that I desyre wyl  
And ie god in his matessis  
Also fe promest me a greater byse  
That I shalbe haue all that I wolde desyre.

¶ Actio.

**I** rede the laye that thought aways  
For mayst thou not se all daye  
That they that blech spoxe and playc  
Lyue th at case merly  
They haue moste heriyell ress  
And farethe of the beste  
That thus spendereth they, lyues in folyte.

¶ Eugentio.

**C**well than my wifre I wyl remembre  
So; I truwes thou sayes full trewe  
If I do it, and afterworde reue it  
Us to gyue aways my good

D. iii.

I crewe I shulde it for thyneke  
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke  
For that puse that sowneth not trynke  
His maynes weareth a thredene bare hode.

¶ Actio.

C<sup>r</sup>e ye man/that is trewe in dede  
But let vs go walke a space  
For yuell counsayle byther wyll spedre  
That person I crewe he be borde of all grace.

¶ Eugentio.

C<sup>r</sup>o we hence than in tyme  
Hastely we wyll come agayne  
For Johan wyll be here bynyme  
His sermonde wolve I here sayne.

¶ Eustoll counsayle.

C<sup>r</sup>o your leue let me come neare  
What dothe all this company here  
Wherre afferre is your gappinge  
By our lady a maystere I haue soughte nys and feres  
For sythe I came fro Rochester  
I haue spente all my wyninge  
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Canterbury  
For therre knaues set me onthe pyltry  
And thre we eges at my hede  
So sore that my nose dyd blede  
Of whyte wyne galons thury  
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell  
I was prentysse with yuell counsell  
And so men calleth me  
I hope agayne to go thyder  
¶ If sommer were come and sayre weather  
Und lyue full merly





I have sought Englaude therowe and therowte  
Wylage/towne/cytie/and borbowe  
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am  
As yl tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll man  
That shreudly rouneth many a pytell  
Whan they in yonge wrytes eeres dothe whystell  
Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes  
With sayle flaterunge wordes and pretynackes  
Both men and women they brynge to lechery  
Through me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduontry  
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent  
Westmynster/saynt Katheryns/and in bryghtes tene  
There I rested very lately  
Nowe sayne wolde I haue a mayster  
That wolde do by my couysell  
For though he spende and be a waster  
To get money I can teache hym the crafts well.  
    ↳ Idelnesse.

C What art thou tell me that speketh this.  
    ↳ Yuell counsayle.

C Mary sy; a man that wolde haue a scrupys  
Great neve haues I thereto.  
    ↳ Idelnesse.

C Why what scruyce canst thou do.  
    ↳ Yuell counsayle.

C Bothe stede and lye/and on your crande go  
To sette an other mannes wryte to your bedde.  
    ↳ Idelnesse.

C Er! I of suche thynges may be spede  
I am gladd that we be met.  
    ↳ Yuell counsayle.

C In Englaunde shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde so; euer  
But mayster haue ye any wyke?  
→ Idelnesse.  
Cue me than. xp. by my lyke  
But some other men kepereth them so; me.  
→ Juell counsayle.  
C Mary sy; no force it costeþ you the leſſe/money  
But you haue good cheare whan you come.  
→ Idelnesse.  
C ue at meat I am mery/ and at bed yf I lyfe too playe.  
→ Juell counsayle.  
C Than they; husbandes be out of the waye.  
Or els ye come not there.  
→ Idelnesse.  
C Ies yes dayly/ and make good cheare  
And not spyd at all/ I haue ſuche polesy.  
→ Juell counsayle.  
C I am gladde that ye be ſo wyty  
And sy; yf you wyll haue a fresche lusty trull  
I wyll get her you/or a hauyfe that can ſpyn a pounde  
→ Idelnesse. (of woll)  
C Than wyll we dynke wyne at the full  
In one place yf thou canſte helpe me.  
→ Juell counsayle.  
C I pray you tell me what is the.  
→ Idelnesse.  
C In attysciers wyke/a pretie woman.  
→ Juell counsayle.  
C Sy; I wyll goo to my brother temptation  
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a stacyon  
For bywene vs the  
Oþer your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.





<sup>to</sup> Idelness.

**C**shall I go with you also.

<sup>to</sup> Quell counsayle.

**C**ue sy; and it please you so to do  
Howe say you / haue not ther meryngues  
That may byss and balle other mennes wynges  
No touthe is full of tolyte  
But whan sawe you your brother sensualyte.

<sup>to</sup> Idelness.

**S**yn I lefte hym on the playne of Halybyre  
He telde me that he woldे lyfe  
Some good felowe from his thyste  
And as I trowe somewhat he wyl gette  
To make with the peyne  
Many one for they good to labour and swete  
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lightly.

<sup>to</sup> Quell counsayle.

**S**y; he dyde me a shende turne as I you tell,

<sup>to</sup> Idelness.

**C**I pray the felowe me home it beseill,

<sup>to</sup> Quell counsayle.

**C**The laste daye syn I wylte  
The puttorke that he ware on his syde  
Woldē haue trode my hennis  
And by I caught a rottoche  
And byt hym on the buttocke  
That ther laye in a thenne.

<sup>to</sup> Idelness.

**C**Wherby knowest thou that it was he;

<sup>to</sup> Quell counsayle.

**C**For he had a bell aboute his bus  
And therby yche hym knewe.

I bid hym holde in the kyngre  
Cyll at the latke he had his mynde  
God gyue hym an yll geve.  
¶ Idelnesse.

¶ And what meate byd thou gyue hym  
Say on hardely.  
¶ Guell counsayle.

¶ Come a fayre pece of baken  
And a blacke boile full of barly.  
¶ Idelnesse.

¶ By Jesu this is a gentyl meate so; a banks  
To kepe bydes thou art very connyng  
Thy thystee I stowis leide a sonnyng  
But tell me nowe where is thy mannyng.  
¶ Guell counsayle.

¶ Say at the flames is my molte abynges  
Otherwyle goryng / and somcyme sybyng  
And yf the grounde be upper and sybyng  
In saythe I fall downe moselynge.  
¶ Idelnesse.

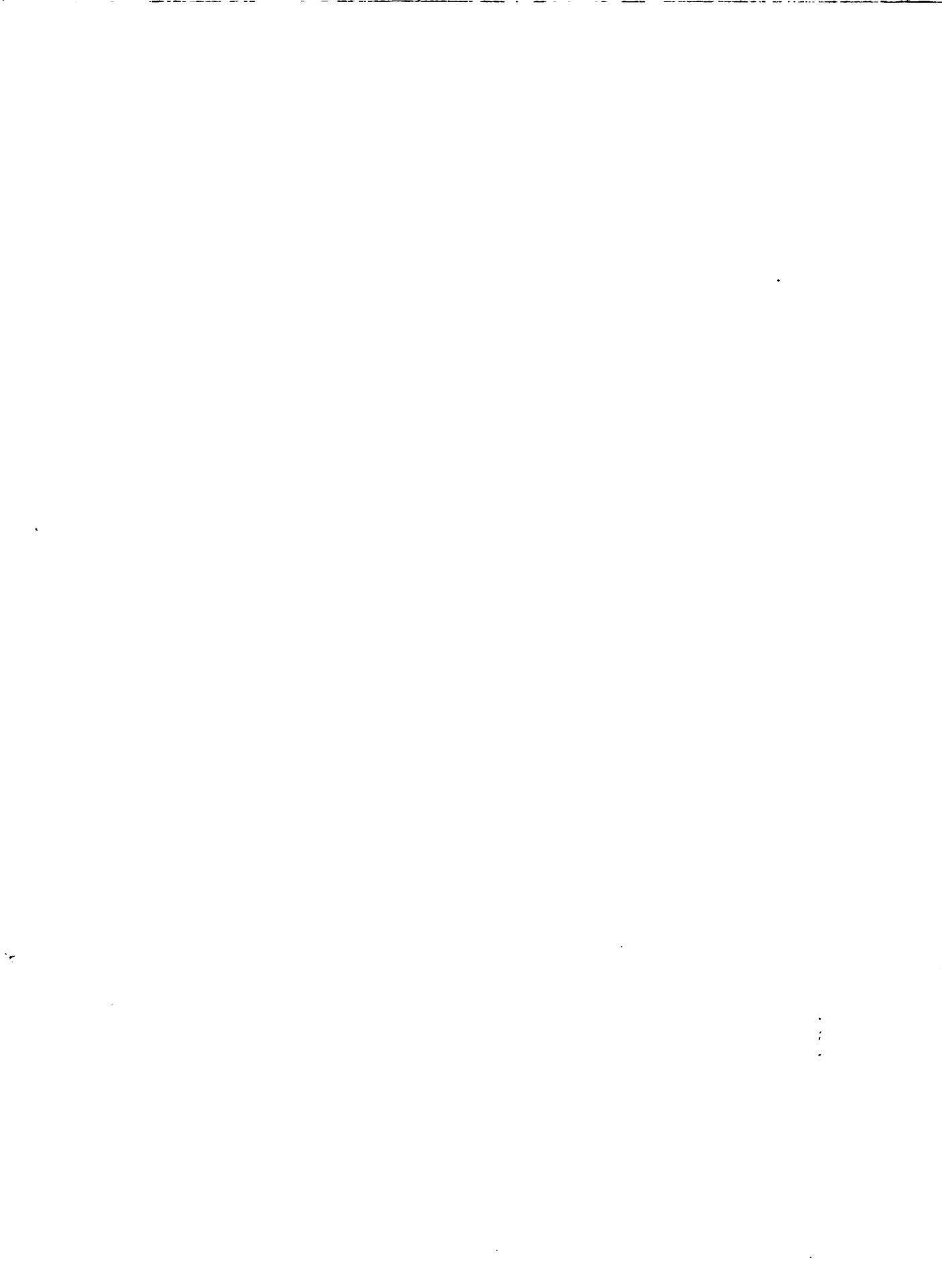
¶ What some pleasure than there areres  
Welbews your heed bytwene your eeres.  
¶ Guell counsayle.

¶ Say sy it shall be yours and theirs  
For whan a man hath knowe  
Let hym parte with his neigboures.  
¶ Idelnesse.

¶ It is thy deseny I stowis  
For to be cladde all in bres  
Und ryde the horse with four eeres.  
¶ Guell counsayle.

¶ Say sy; not alone yours





For I lone yl to hoolyn  
I syde in a laddryll, but ye shal syde in a bethyn.  
Johnnes.

Che good saythe hanne thou shalte bese me a knyght,  
Johnnes.

Che knyght hanne another as I can byt, the knyght,  
Johnnes.

Che knyght saythe then not come of,  
Johnnes.

Che say I trave yede bet fforde  
But I wold not so; an hundred þre pounde fyghe with yde,  
Johnnes.

Che knyght saythe then not come of,  
Johnnes.

Che for I never fought with man that he bese  
And so shalde you and ye syde in a bethyn abydyn,  
Johnnes.

Che say I haue leues thou wolt bysye  
Johnnes.

Che haue a good bethyn scholere to go a thourayge,  
Johnnes.

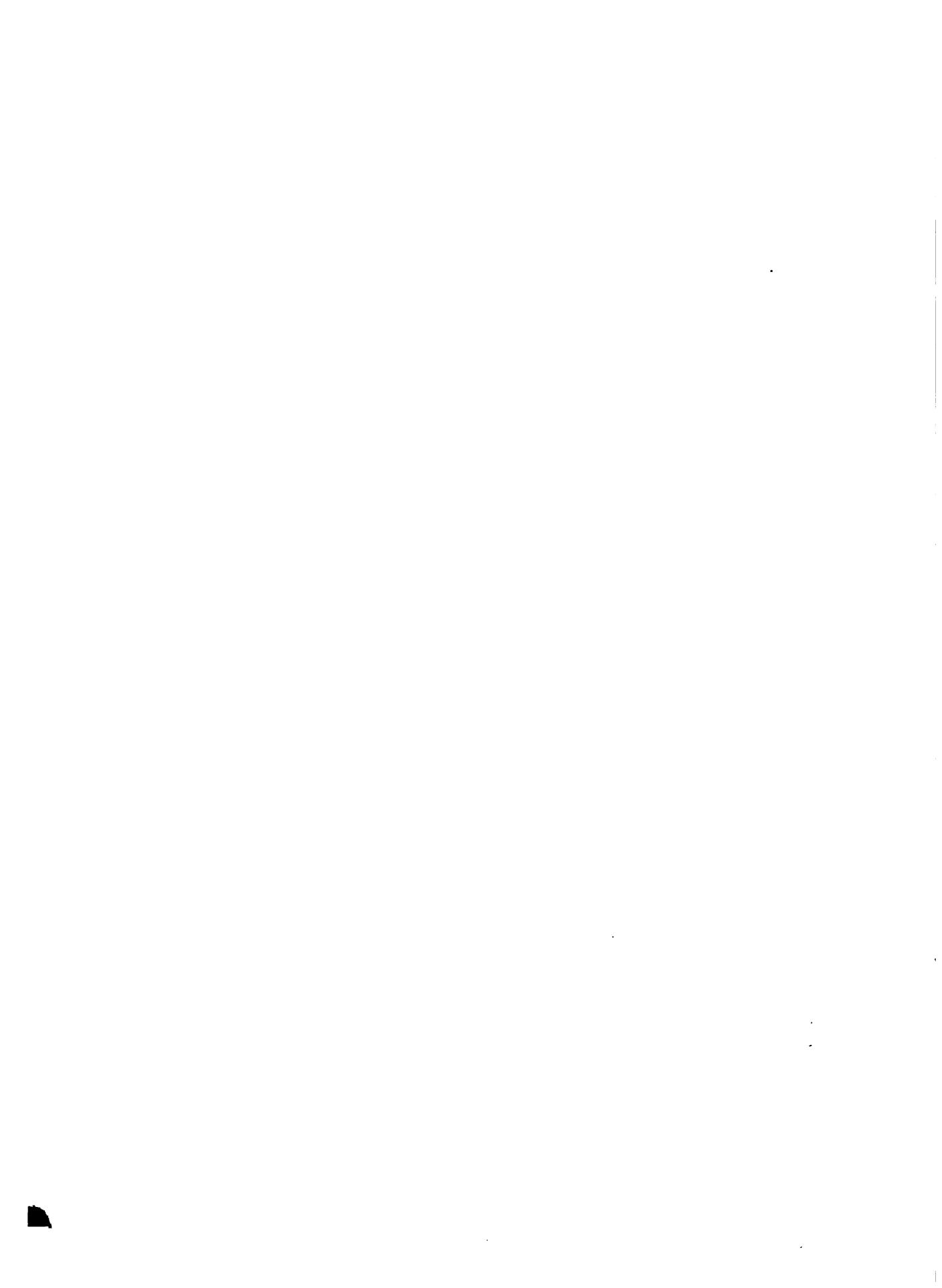
Che knyght let us go to bathynnow a whyle þerow,  
And let some oþer shalpe us yedes  
So, I dare laye therow. Johnnes  
We shal haue a setoun of ryght,  
Johnnes.

Che I trave that he wyl come byþer  
Che layeþ fyt þis peyneþ togethor  
Johnnes.

Che haue þis two wyl go abydyn  
There as haue wyl make meny by this fyt,  
Johnnes.

Che þis I haue ben longe abyng

G.M.



For I have yll to teache  
I speke to a knyght / but ye shall cysse me a knyght.  
*to jocundis.*

Che good saythe knaue thou shalte beare me a knyght  
*to well countaynt.*

Che dene thou shalte beare another an I com byt the a knyght  
*to jocundis.*

Che knyght thou not come of  
*to well countaynt.*

Che may I trave ye do but flete  
But I wold not so; an hundred a pounche fylle with the  
*to jocundis.*

Che knyght so tell me  
*to well countaynt.*

Che for I never fought with man but he biforn  
And se shalde you and ye dyd myn knyght abysse.  
*to jocundis.*

Che spacy I haue leuer thou were tyde  
Thon arte as manly as yll chaynge  
Thon haue a good boide felawne to go a thowzage  
*to well countaynt.*

Che well let us go to bathynghous a whyle hence  
And let some other knyghtes beare us fforance  
For I dare laye theron my knyght  
We shall haue a ffermoun of my knyght.  
*to jocundis.*

Che trave then he wyl come bythen  
Che laynes syxt the principale togayther  
*to illibet.*

Che we / we two wyl go theren  
There as we wyl make mery by this tyme.  
*to illibet.*

Che syt I haue been longe a knyght

**I** say I wold se you by the fylt dayes

↳ Eugenio.

**C**here hath be a fayre awys

**T**here we to have be

**C**here was layeng of the lawe

**A**nd all was not worth a newe strawe

**S**o god helpe me.

↳ Actio.

**C**ry I lewe the wreche that bynes poure necke clene

**T**hat bare in her hondes a gay getingamme

**M**e thought it was tythe a peyne

**O**f a myrrage

**S**he helde me with a tale of tymearynnes

**T**yll my thyng was gone as quyte as a dally

**G**od wote it is a nyce thyng.

↳ Eugenio.

**C**Peace man ye shall here a sermon placyon

**O**f the erle that ryleth full hys

**E**f he do here thy exlamacyon

**H**e wyll make the to lye.

↳ Actio.

**C**Not in a shryng I knowe

**P**ace so; he is come nowe.

↳ Johan the Euangelist.

**C**O men unkynde wretched and mortall

**H**eoken to this peable that I shall tell.

↳ Eugenio.

**C**The herynge therof gyue you I shall.

↳ Actio.

**C**And I to do by your counfereys yf ye lufe well.

↳ Johan the Euangelist.

**C**Aswes I begrave gyne good audience





Two men assended ones to a temple to praye  
In he ih conuersacion hauyng great difference  
It was the Pharysien and the publycan I saye  
Two examples by them perceyue we maye  
The great pryde of the pharysye  
Other mennes fautes he displayed ayen  
And his owne counsayle hyd vnder false he was  
In the publycans prayers there was than  
A great excellencie of mekenesse  
He dyspyled hymselfe a wretched man  
Chynkyng ech creature exceded hym in goodenesse  
His fautes he dyd confesse  
With great sorrow so; his transgredyon  
And in the pharysles prayer dyd expresse  
Of full pryde and adulacyon  
He prayde not, but prayed hymselfe therre  
Standryng by ryght with a perte face  
The masse begynneth with Confiteor  
End endeth with Deo gratias  
Cwyn the reuers he dyd in this case  
There the masse endeth he beganne proudly  
Makyng no confession of his trespass  
But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)  
In than he thanked god he was not to blame  
But in that he thanked hym not with bespe mekenesse  
The speches of sygne he reherced by name  
In whiche all syunes be comprehended expresse  
By rauenours is understande couetyse  
In unryghtfull to say pryde of hym than  
In auouery/allechery that men can reherce  
End thus he excused hym selfe / & claudyed the publycan

C. iii.

I say my sythes he sayd also  
And so he dyd/but not of the beth  
In that Cayme he was lyke to  
For he sythed alway of the woyste  
Envys in the weke he sayd he dyd falle  
To create and dynke he dyd/but not fro dydlyng hym  
And that is the falle that pleasest god beste  
But therat hypocrites wyl not begynne  
Agayne god he synned grevously  
In that he fullysyed hym selfe so  
And his even Christen sclaudryng malcously  
(Tu testimonium tuum non es verum) I say so  
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde  
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so  
There Lucifer is falle for his pnyde  
The gospell sayd/who doth hym shall be owe  
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you ~~for~~  
And so you cursed men do your curse  
For by goddes iugement  
If ye forsaynt not your synne be you sure  
To eu go to hell/Wherfore repente.

¶ Imbo.

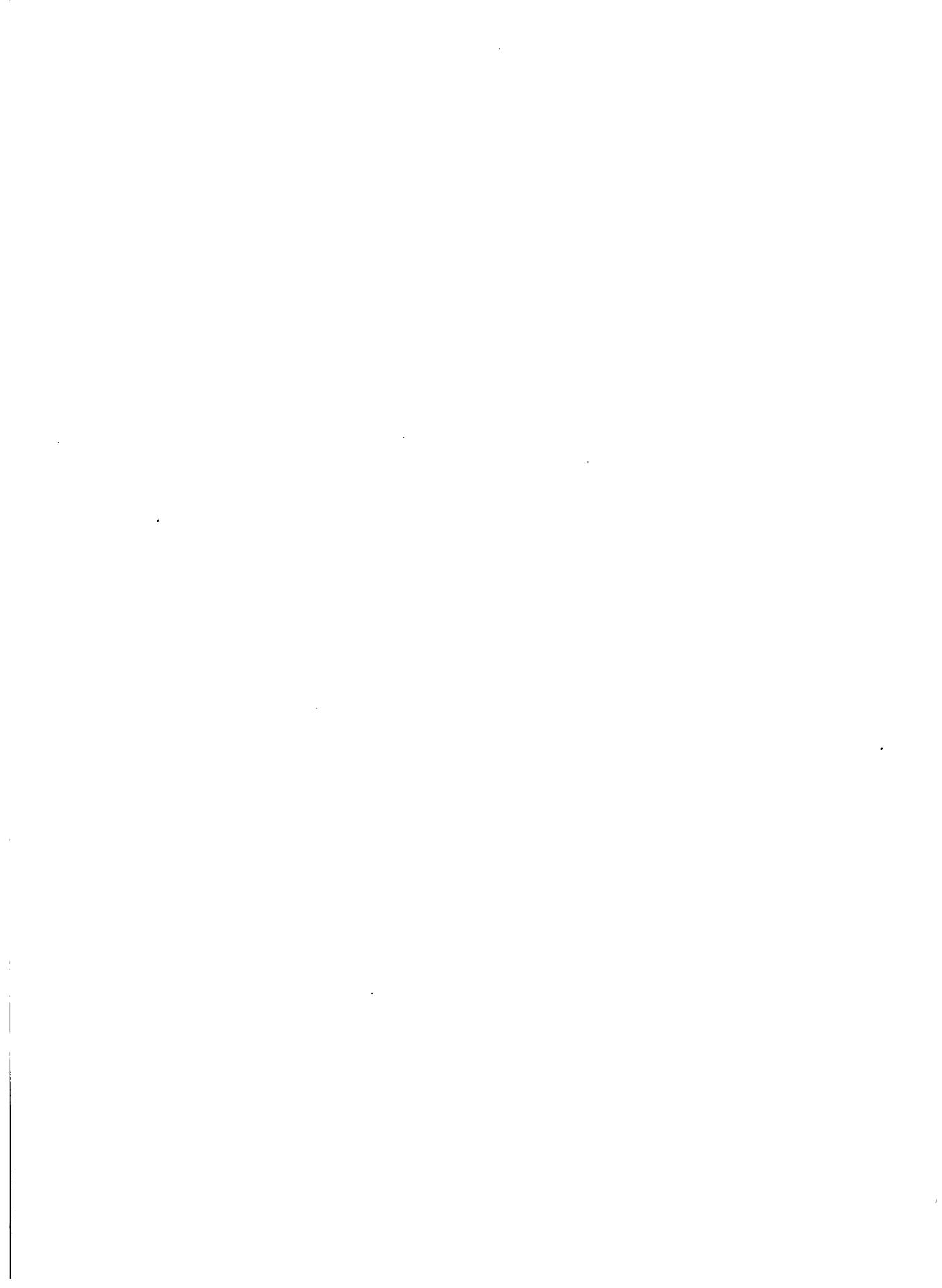
¶ I crye god mercy to; myne offence  
My wretched lyfe I do desye.

¶ Eugentio.

¶ Also I am sorry of my neglygence  
Your doctryns I wyl folowe full mekely.

¶ S. Iohan the Euangelyte.

¶ This sample god sayth vs to  
That we shalde consider it wysely  
Who demeth hym selfe good/is ferre there fro  
And he that thynketh hym selfe synfuller is blythe hardy





¶Thynke nowe that youre purpose was lette curſedigne  
In syne thus to lede lyues bayne  
Under colour of vertue / demyng your ſelfe good  
You and all they that it dothe ſuſtayne  
Be wode than the pharyſep / mennes lawes are woode  
Remember this for the reuerence of hym þ dyed on woode  
And to the lawes of the churche abyde checymen  
And ye shall be partners of Chriftes preuous bloude  
And blessed of god as was the publycan  
Thus þ þe wil be fofalte and trewe  
Ihesu wyl than with his grace you reueue  
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a  
Qui vicit per infinita ſeculorum ſecula.

Amen.



¶ Thus endeth the Enterlude of Saynt Iohan  
the Cuangelyc. Impynted at London  
in fother laene by John Waitey.











~~NOV 24 '58 H~~

~~NOV 26 '60~~



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John the Evangelist.

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